

Donavon Frankenreiter**"Up Against the Wall"**

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(Chorus 2X)

They got me feelin' like I'm trapped up against the wall
And I'm feelin' to start blastin', blastin'
They got me feelin' like i'm searchin'
and huntin', huntin', lookin' for satisfaction

(L-Burna)

I'm comin' out swangin
Nuts hangin' still claimin' my devil eye status
Niggas is wishin' they never had us
Mad at us, but I flex my tactics
What's gon' happen is, nigga gon' mind they biz
And better leave mine alone
You askin' me what's been wrong
Nigga, it's you better go find your zone
For each it's on I'ma keep it strong
Nigga, I'm never gon' buckle every man for they hustle
Nigga, don't make me show you my muscle, and throw
these knuckles
It's a must that I bust any mic or gun that you handed
me
And I plan to be that rich little nigga
that's reppin' that Mo Thug family
Can you stand heat?
If you can't, get your ass outta the kitchen
I'ma blast up out my mission, nigga can't stand all of
this trippin'
Time is tickin', it ain't waitin' on none of us (not me)
My niggas complainin' i'm doin' my thang
And i'm on a bus i'm still movin'
With all of these odds against me
And the evil tempt me
I'ma tell you like this so simply
I'ma buck my nina 'til it's empty
Peep the game, fuck the fame
Ain't nothin' changed but the weather
Whatever you wanna do we can do
Nobody can do it better, fool

(Chorus 2X)

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(L-Burna)

Now nigga, what's wrong
Nigga, with the way I do it?
I hurt some nigga that said I was stupid
Cause he'll buck with Ruthless
I love Eazy
I'm still in the streets, but I been off the block this bitch
I slang music Doin' my platinum
With my platinum status for years
Cause bitch, i'm used to it on some sassy shit
So, none of y'all fake niggas better not ask me shit
Tryin' to comment on my flashy shit
Hate 'cause i'm on some classy shit
I'm still down to earth whatever it's worth
I keeps it realer, than any mothafucka you know
I'm ready to roll 'til I meet my killer
If you feel a nigga buck yo' gun
And if you see this thug in the hood
Nigga, fuck with one
I'm L-Burna, representin' only real niggas
Real bitches, with real figgas
Hustlas slash go-getters
Your thuggish ruggish Bone nigga, go on nigga
Put it down on the darkside, where we dwell
Where the thieves, convicts and the gangtas sell
whatever to get they mail
And can't you tell, we fightin' and livin' in this hell
Up against the beats, runnin' and duckin' the police
And I just can't get no peace

(Chorus 2X)

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(L-Burna)

Nigga, I gets down how I live
Ain't about no pullin' no punches
Nigga, we mob rollin' the grungest
Even on the solo nigga can't touch us, playa
Lets face the facts we live in a man's world
Real niggas that's hustlin' makin' that money
And ready to die before my plans spoil, but stayin' loyal
Undefeated in the game called life
Niggas that's out here keepin' that paper tight
Ain't worried about seein' the day they die

Lil' Lay won't lie
I'ma tell the truth, even though the truth can hurt ya
If it don't concern ya better mind your business
It can end in murder
In the crossfire, another nigga gone
He at the crossroads, his time expired
Ain't nobody knows why he ran with lost souls
It was bad news
I guess that nigga was walkin' in bad shoes
If cash rules everything around you
Nigga, you's a fool
I'ma stay in the Lord's light
And outta you busta niggas way
Got sick, got gauges in the cage
Ready to spray this ain't no tour fight
In the last days
Where time has elapsed and the world is collapsin'
I'ma continue to smash and steadily blastin' for my
satisfaction

(Chorus 2X)

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